

# THE RHYME OF THE FLYING CHAUFFEUR



A wild shape flies through the Jersey night,  
With hiss and whirr and roar—  
A phantom auto—an awful sight—  
That pulses and glows with a ghostly light  
As she flies forevermore!

It was a chauffeur, pale and lean,  
An ancient man and wise,  
Of grime he reeked and gasoline;  
Behind his goggles' greenish sheen  
Glittered his sunken eyes.

His skinny hands both gripped my arm,  
As though a steering wheel,  
His voice was hoarse and strangely worn,  
Like warning croak of eerie horn  
From ghostly autopiel.

"Oh, say," quoth he, "I know my trade  
From A down unto Z;  
There was no auto ever made  
I knew not. But I was afraid  
At last, as you will see

"But say, the record did I break  
From Paris to Berlin!  
I was ninety miles an hour we make—  
So fast the breath was hard to take—  
And me? I sit and grin!

"Well, so I came across the sea  
To smash the records here.  
Than I no greater 'chauf' could be,  
Some good, but for the artist, me!  
I serve a millionaire!

"The Yankee is a swift, swift song,  
Are all in haste for speed;  
You often hurry some things wrong,  
And hurry into graves are long,  
With Satan in the lead

"This millionaire was quite distraught,  
No one could satisfy  
He sat aside each auto bought,  
And none could reach the speed he sought—  
Indeed, he wished to fly!

"Alas! it was an evil hour—  
We buy the great machine,  
She was a hundred horses power,  
The magnate paid a prince's dower.  
Oh, say! She was a dream!

"Aha! The millionaire did leap,  
And laugh, and pat her wheel,  
'Chauffeur!' he cried, 'all others creep,

We'll make a record while they sleep;  
This is an automobile!

"Well, so! we took her through the night  
Across the Jersey side,  
The auto soon did know its might;  
It thrilled to feel her strain and fight  
To start that awful ride!

"Aha! We found the road, and so  
We let her have the head!  
She leaped right upward in a glow  
Of smoke and flame and whirr and blow—  
I gave me up for dead!

"When we came down and hit the road  
She gave a mighty spring!  
The demons in her innards stove  
They roared and chugged and puffed and  
blowed,  
But I did pray and cling!

"The night rushed by us streaked with fire,  
The devil underneath,  
Unchained, was leaping in his ire.  
Our steed was like a demon dire  
With bit between the teeth!

"Aha! We're mostly in the air,  
Just touched the highest place!  
Ah, you should see the millionaire;  
He laughed and chuckled grim and glare—  
He scared me with his face!

"We cut the night on demon wing,  
With whirr and groan and away,  
'More speed!' at me his voice he'd fling,  
'We'll break the record with this thing  
It takes till Judgment Day!

"Aha! We climb the one hill tall,  
And down the slope we ride!  
Ride, do I say? But, rather, fall!  
The auto she is like a ball  
And rolls upon her side!

"And I hit something with my face!  
Some million sparks I see.  
Puff! Bang! The auto quit the race;  
Went up in smoke! Left was no trace  
All that remains is me!

"But still there flies through the Jersey night,  
With hiss and whirr and roar—  
A phantom machine—an awful sight,  
Which pulses and glows with a ghostly light  
As she flies forevermore.

ROBERT DAY CARTER.



ROBERT  
CARTER

## WELCOME AUTUMN.

BY MATTHEW LANG.

Summer days,  
Melting hot,  
Get no praise—  
Best forgot.  
Summer maid,  
Oh, beware!  
I've been played  
Most unfair.  
Summer days?  
Darn the heat!  
Cupid's heat?  
Just a cheat!  
Plenty rot  
Always writ;  
What is not  
Just is it.  
Give me days  
Cool and fair;  
Golden haze,  
Winelike air.  
Days of light,  
When the sun  
Doesn't smite  
Luckless one.  
Summer cries  
"Man's a fool!"

He gets wise—  
Days are cool,  
Naught of praise  
Do I say—  
Summer days,  
On your way,  
No regrets  
Follow thee;  
Cupid's debts  
Paid and free.  
Hateful time  
Of deceit,  
Most sublime—  
Cupid's cheat.  
Sing me no  
Summer lays!  
Stop the flow  
Of their praise!  
I'm content  
Thus to rhyme  
Opulent  
Autumn time.  
And I raise  
Song to say—  
Summer days,  
On your way!

Beats the world—hail.

The hello girl will no doubt be the first to  
arise at Gabriel's trumpet. She is so used to  
being called up.

You inquire, Artie, if there is really any  
difference between an ice house and an ice  
plant. You say, "They both hold frozen  
water, don't they?" Yes, but in one the  
water's frozen before it goes in the other it  
goes before it's frozen.

The popular comedian doesn't have to be a  
lumber dealer, though he may be a clasp  
board man.

If a man is a chronic kicker he shows in  
his countenance, and he grows uglier every  
day. Look at the frog. Isn't he ugly? And  
he's always kicking about the water he is in.

Before the money lender causes city bonds  
to float he should see the tax roll.

An interesting lay figure—the price of eggs.  
Mr. Beagle—What kind o' hawks do you  
all think is best to raise?  
Mr. Beagle—I don't claim to know hardly

which is the best make o' hawks. In fact, I  
don't know hawks very well, except 'long  
'bout hawg killin' time. Then when the wa-  
ter's hot an' I hev the right kind of a knife  
I frekently scrape up an acquaintance. An'  
that makes me think, then's the time o'  
year when we hev sp'ed r'ise an' back hore—  
the only time I ever do any backbitin'."

Sultan—How did you have those cakes pre-  
pared?  
Chief Butler—Had 'em fried in lard.  
Sultan—Light! Take 'em away. Haven't  
I told you time and again how I dread an  
upheaval from Greece?

The man who carries heavy life insurance  
on the crumby plan gets so old at a bargain.

The funny jokes may oft be punny,  
But punny jokes may not be funny.

Man wants but little here below; thinks he  
wants a whole lot and generally gets it  
when he dies—or part of it—unless he is  
drowned or cremated.

No, Artie, you are a little off again. Gen-  
eral Winfield Scott did tan the enemy during  
the Mexican War, but when the enemy re-  
treated, that was not the Dred Scott act.

When Sodom and Gomorrah were de-  
stroyed there was only one lot left.

Engagement rings—the din of battle.

Don't call a boy a calf. He may  
Draw off and swat you one;  
And yet you may in safety say,  
"You are a bull's son."

Berne, Kan., was destroyed a few years  
ago by fire started from a drunken man's  
pipe in a hay mow. Among the puns, cheap  
and expensive, indulged in by the news-  
papers here is one—"The man who smoked  
in Berne now burns in smoke."

There is a B in every bonnet—in fact,  
that's where the whole thing starts.

The lemonade vender who put up the sign  
"Stick to a friend," soon took it down. His

friends each wanted a "stick," and their  
name was legion.

There is no claim at all, at all,  
That Eve and Adam, ere the fall  
Had pride and vanity and such—  
At least, they didn't put on much.

Yes, Artie, if I were organizing a dog show  
I should select my dog star from among the  
Skyses.

If your trousers are too large, with more  
room inside than you need, you can easily  
rent out the seat.

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your  
flight,  
Make me a child again, just out of sight  
And hearing of him who with vulgar gur-  
faw  
Still laughs at the jokes about mothers-in-  
law.

Of course the elderly spinster wishes it  
understood that she has led a chased life.

Mr. Beagle—Ain't your son Bud never goin'  
to take a wife?  
Mr. Teasle—Nary time. He may take some  
girl for a wife, but I've alius told him not to  
take a wife. Her husband might shoot 'im.  
Gi me a chaw terbacker.

In Kansas you never miss the lager till  
the town goes dry.

The old fashioned cotillions and quadrilles  
were considered far less harmful than the  
modern round dance, with hugging accom-  
paniment. The fellows were then compelled  
to act on the square.

Longevity gaining ground? Yes; 'tis plain  
to be seen the old do not dye as they used  
to do.

The peculiarly ethereal expression you ob-  
served, Preston, in the countenance of the  
fresh cow was caused by her being in the  
milky way.

Smutty stories found in a tenement are  
usually of a high order.

"I presume," said Professor Quillbury,  
"that if the disciple of Darwin were offered

## By T. C. McCONNELL, the "Hal! Ha! Man of Holton."

his choice between the key to fame and the  
key to fortune, he would naturally take the  
monkey key.

Reflection of a bachelor:—  
I've heard much comment, madam,  
From our neighbors all,  
Upon your bouncing baby  
And his bouncing bawl.

Holton has an exceedingly modest girl who  
is learning to draw. She called a man into  
her studio and asked his advice. "Here,"  
she said, "I've drawn a dog, all but the er-  
or—the conclusion. Would you make that  
smooth, sharp and pointed, or nice and  
bushy?"

After giving his opinion the man said:—  
"That reminds me of the time I used to  
dabble some in the drawing art myself. I  
undertook once to draw a dog unconscio-  
usly—that is, the dog was unconscious of my  
presence. I had arrived at the same point  
you have, and was pondering as you are  
doing, when my model suddenly discovered  
my presence, and I didn't have time to draw  
any conclusion at all. In fact, the dog drew  
his own conclusion and I—well, I drew six  
weeks' indemnification from an accident as-  
sociation in which I was insured."

## MOSQUITO FABLE-FLIGHTS.

By Fulwell Wise.

### Squaring the Circle.

ONCE upon a time a man entered the cir-  
cle of practical politics, with the firm  
determination to be a reformer and he  
perfectly square in all that he did, and  
began looking for a lucrative office.  
He soon found that to accomplish his pur-  
pose he had to make promises that he knew  
he could never fulfil, and had to give his  
aid to questionable proceedings in order to  
obtain requisite influence.  
Moral:—You can not square the political  
circle.

### Higher Criticism.

ONCE upon a time an ambitious theat-  
rical manager paid a large price for a  
play, and at a great expense prepared  
it for production on the stage.  
On the opening night he was very anxious  
indeed, and with palpating heart, watched  
for the first evidence of its effect on the au-  
dience.

There was quite a suspense, and then the  
anxious manager saw that the play did not  
meet with the approval of the gallery gods.  
He tried to win their favorable criticism, but  
could not, and, the rest of the house taking  
its cue from the gallery, the play was an ab-  
solute failure and had to be withdrawn at a  
great loss.  
Moral:—The most potent criticism comes  
from the higher circles.

### Man and His Fall.

ONCE upon a time there was a young  
bachelor who fell into bad habits, then  
fell into a fortune and finally fell in love  
and was married in the fall.  
Moral:—When a man begins to fall there is  
no telling to what depths he will descend.

### He Was Prejudiced.

ONCE upon a time a young man who was  
anxious to play the races called on a  
man of experience for advice, and got it.  
"Do not bet on horses," he said. "If  
you want to invest a dollar buy a bag, put a  
sharpened nail in the end of a stick, so and  
pick rags, and at the end of the year you  
will have more money than if you put the  
money on a horse race."  
"You are prejudiced," answered the young  
man.

"Perhaps I am," was the reply, "but my  
advice is good, just the same. After taking  
tips, my money and all of the money of my

## CONDENSED NOVEL.

BY EDWIN J. WEBSTER.

MY publishers have been urging me to  
condense my stories; not to go so  
much into details, simply to suggest  
things and leave the rest to the  
reader," said the struggling young author.  
"And now," he added, in tones of placid  
triumph—"now I have written something  
which I know will appeal to them. It is in  
three chapters.

### CHAPTER I.

"Ha!" exclaimed the villain, in tones of  
exultant villainy.

### CHAPTER II.

"Ho!" thundered the hero, in tones of he-  
roic bravery.

### CHAPTER III.

"Hee, hee!" thrilled the lovely heroine, in  
dulcet tones, in which were combined ad-  
miration for the brave hero and horror of the  
villain and his villainy.

"In these few words," continued the strug-  
gling young author, exultantly, "are con-  
densed crime, virtue and love; the inter-  
mingled pathos and tragedy of three lives.  
There is no burden of detail nor lack of sug-  
gestiveness. I don't see how my great work  
can fail to lead the six best selling books  
of the year.

## TALES OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

By Tom Masson.

### A Cheap Racket.

"LET us," said Whittier, "now that the  
cock has left, go down town and get  
an inexpensive meal."

Mrs. Whittier yawned.  
"I'd rather get a bite at home," she said.  
"I don't feel a bit hungry."

"Well," said her husband, "neither do I,  
but the change will do us good. We'll get  
some!"

"All I want is some cold tongue and a cup  
of tea."

"And all I want is a sandwich and a cup  
of coffee. How would it do for us to walk?"  
The Whittiers lived some fifteen blocks  
from the restaurant district, and this pro-  
posal seemed to please Mrs. Whittier.

"Just the thing," she replied. In a moment  
she had donned her poncee coat, and in the  
glimmer and gleam of the late afternoon  
they strolled off down the principal avenue.

"This idea," said Whittier, as he sniffed  
the air, "of blowing in all your good money  
on food I never could understand. I believe  
in having enough, of course, but New York-  
ers—indeed, all Americans—eat too much."

"Yes, I suppose that's so," said Mrs.  
Whittier, contentedly. "I think I'll  
change my mind about that tongue and have  
lobster salad."

"That hits me, too," said Whittier, as he  
swung his stick and walked briskly by her  
side. "I don't know but a little lobster salad  
and, say, a bottle of beer, would be a good  
idea."

"Beer or ale?" said Mrs. Whittier, insinu-  
atingly. The fine, bracing air, even if it was  
city air, was doing her good.

"Well, ale," said Whittier. "I always feel  
as though I was getting more for my money  
when I order ale."

"That's so."  
They walked on for several blocks in  
silence. Pretty soon they came to a fashion-  
able restaurant—a couple of blocks above the  
one they were going to. In the window the  
people were sitting at the tables doing what  
the majority of people like to do better than  
anything else except love making—stuffing  
themselves. Mrs. Whittier took her hus-  
band's arm.

"I don't know," she said, "but I'll change  
my mind about that salad. Perhaps."  
Her husband turned and looked her sternly  
in the eye.

"My dear," he said half savagely, "suppose  
you leave that part to me."

They entered the restaurant they were  
bound for. The head waiter seated them at  
a table. The waiter deferentially placed the  
bill of fare in front of Whittier.

Whittier picked it up firmly and authori-  
tatively.

## SUNFLOWER SMILES FROM KANSAS:

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being called up.

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plant. You say, "They both hold frozen  
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"Stick to a friend," soon took it down. His

## Categorical.



Sir Lancelot—What do you think of the divorce question?

The Widow—Well, it is awkward to meet six husbands in one  
cat show.

## In the Gloaming.

She shuddered when he offered her  
Some spare rib sweet and tender,  
And tremors ran throughout her form  
So delicate and slender.  
"I really could not eat it."  
"Would be too realistic."  
My Mother Eve a spare rib was,  
I am not Cannibalistic!  
"And must I then eschew all Ham?"  
He cried with some calorific  
"Because an actor man I am.  
And say, 'Alas, poor Yorick!'"  
The maiden smiled to see his heat,  
And gently took the rein.  
"Your Shakespeare reference's 'meat,'  
We'll compromise on Bacon." H. W. R.